

Forbidden

Diana scanned the mall as she stepped onto the escalator. After a severely dull conference that just about sapped her will to live, she was ready to shop

until she dropped. She'd already hit the lingerie store then bought a seriously

sexy dress perfect for hitting the clubs next weekend with her friends; next on

her list were the perfect shoes. Dressing up would do her good; getting laid would be even better.

Once again she counted her lucky, and very single, stars. It felt great to be carefree, knowing that she could just hang out with her girlfriends whenever

she wanted and have simple, unapologetic, fun. Or at least it would be once

she'd driven the couple of hours home and they hit the bars Saturday night.

After some fun shopping, dinner alone, and one more night to look forward to

in her hotel room's queen sized bed, she'd be ready for the drive. Even better

she could put on her favorite CD and sing to her heart's content.

Flicking a glance at the opposite escalator, Diana nearly gasped out loud.

Ascending was one of the few people she had thought she would never see again. Dark brown hair, going grey at the sides now, and startling blue eyes that shone from a chiseled, clean-shaven face.

Adam Lake.

Frantically, she looked around, wondering how she could make her escape without Adam noticing. Two plump chattering women were blocking her es-

cape down, and she could hardly sprint upwards, pushing past the other shop-

pers, without drawing attention. Maybe she could stoop down and tie her laces? Diana looked at her glossy black pumps with their four inch heel. Maybe

not. Just as she considered pretending to drop her notepad so she would have

an excuse to crouch down, Adam started to slide past.

Diana started to breathe out a sigh of relief as Adam swept past her. Then she heard her name.

“Diana?”

She looked straight ahead, willing herself not to turn, not to meet Adam’s eyes.

“Diana?” The voice was a little more forceful this time. “Diana! Wait!”

Crap. He really had seen her.

The last time she had seen Adam was four years ago. Funny thing was she had always liked him. He was a genuinely nice person, always easy to talk with

and he had a great knack of remembering amusing anecdotes that would make

her laugh. To her chagrin, she remembered she had even harbored a little

crush on him for a while; it was something about the little creases around his

eyes when he laughed. She missed his laugh.

For a while she had grieved for him then she'd forced herself to put him of her life, out of her mind. That was what you had to do after divorce. Her ex-

husband got his friends and family, she got hers. All their mutual people were

parceled up and neatly divided, just the way it should be.

Stepping off the escalator, she darted a look to the right and left. The mall was almost empty so she couldn't lose herself in the crowd. She took the left

towards the food court and started walking as fast as she could, jumping when

a hand touched her elbow.

"Diana? I didn't think I'd catch you."

Diana stopped, took a deep breath, and turned to face her ex-father-in-law.

"Adam," she said flatly, her heart jumping. He looked wonderful. "How are you?"

"Great. And you?"

"Fine. Well, good to see you, Adam. Take care." Diana turned to leave but he still held her elbow.

"Don't go just yet. I haven't seen you in years." Adam's face lit up in with his easy, persuasive, smile and she couldn't help smiling back, even though

her brain was telling her this was a bad idea. "Let's go get a coffee." He didn't

wait for an answer instead propelling her to the nearest coffee shop, firing off

her order to the waiting barista from memory.

Diana struggled to contain her surprise. "You remembered that?"

"Sure. I remember all kinds of things just in case I ever ran into you again."

Adam pointed towards a table in the corner, right by the window, probably knowing how much she enjoyed people watching, and carried their drinks over.

"You never called," he said, pointedly, as they sat down.

"Clean break," Diana replied. It was the simple truth.

"I heard you left the city."

"Well, your son cleaned me out. I couldn't afford to live here anymore, so I moved." She didn't enjoy watching Adam wince at that, so she shrugged and

continued, "Plus it was all part of the clean break. My own place, new memo-

ries to make. I changed jobs, too."

"I'm glad you're okay. I've wondered about you a lot, how you've been doing, you know."

Diana nodded. She'd had a few of her own moments of reflection. A lot of them had involved missing Adam. They'd had such long, fascinating discussions. She could listen to him for hours. "So, how are you?"

"Divorced, for starters." Adam held up his hand.

Diana couldn't even see the mark where his wedding ring had once been. He'd clearly taken it off a long time ago. "I'm so sorry. When did that happen?"

"Two years ago. It's all finalized. Alison and I just weren't in love anymore. There wasn't anyone else. The problem was there just wasn't anything. We're

friends though."

Diana remembered the day Matt, Adam's only son, had come home from work and dropped the bombshell that not only did he not love her anymore but

that he was leaving her for her best friend, with whom he was having an affair.

She hadn't even realized. The revelation had shattered her, but strangely, with-

in a couple of weeks she felt fine. A little sad, that it had all ended, but not at all

surprised. When she'd had that time to think, she'd realized that she hadn't been in love with Matt anymore anyway. She wasn't even remotely interested in

him by the time he told her it was over. Matt had seemed to expect that she

would be jealous, or fight the divorce but she didn't want to. Ironically, it ended up with him making things acrimonious, not her. In the four years that

they'd been divorced, she hadn't spared more than a couple of thoughts for

him. She was glad Adam and Alison had been spared all that. Both of her ex-

parent-in-laws were lovely people.

“I’m glad things weren’t awful for you.”

“And I’m sorry that things were awful for you. I had no idea until much later

what Matt did to you.”

“It’s all in the past now.” Diana gave him a cheerful smile and sipped her coffee. “So what brings you to the city?”

“Work, but right now I’m getting a present for Christy’s birthday next weekend.”

Christy was Matt’s younger sister. She did a quick mental calculation and realized Christy must be twenty-two now, the same age Diana had been when

she and Matt got married.

“She must have graduated college now?” Diana enquired.

“Sure did. Works in PR now.”

“Good for her.” It seemed so simple, just to slip into conversation like they’d done so many times over the years. It hardly seemed like four years had

gone by and Diana found herself telling Adam all about her new life, her job,

the friends she’d made and, in turn, Adam told her about his new apartment

and all the travel he was doing now he was single and had no need to race

home. He even mentioned he'd been dating.

"Well," Diana said, setting down her drained cup. The idea of Adam dating, kissing, maybe even having sex with other women kept pushing to the fore-

front of her mind. It was hardly surprising, she told herself. He was handsome,

held a good job, was charming and intelligent. Of course he would be dating.

Actually, he was just the kind of man who attracted her. The thought shook her. "I should go," she said, almost reluctantly. "I'm planning on getting an early night at my hotel before I drive home."

"Where are you staying?"

"The Grosvenor."

"Me, too. Shall we share a cab? I'm done with my shopping."

Diana hesitated, then smiled. There was no harm in catching up a little longer. "Sure, why not?"

Adam kept up a steady stream of conversation, right through exiting the mall and as their cab wound its way through the busy city streets before finally

pulling up in front of the hotel. Before Diana could even reach for her purse,

Adam had handed over a sheaf of folded bills and the liveried doorman was

opening her door.

"Let's get a drink. I seem to recall the barman makes a mean mojito."

“Now we’re talking.” Diana had been planning on making her excuses, again, but Adam was such good company and it felt so good to be talking to

him again. Plus, after tonight, it wasn’t likely that they would ever see each other again. She would enjoy it while it lasted, and return to her new life with

closure, she decided.

As they crossed the lobby to the bar, it didn’t escape her notice that Adam received quite a few glances from the women milling about, from the mothers

to the daughters. Adam was a good looking man, the type that only grew more

handsome the more years he had. Instead of losing his looks, he had gained a

craggy sort of charm. Plus, she noticed, beneath the sharp black suit and white

shirt, he obviously still worked out to keep his figure trim. It felt almost wrong

to be looking at him in this way, but it wasn’t like he was her father-in-law any-

more.

Or married.

She gulped. What was her mind getting at? Diana had always found Adam attractive but...fancying him? Okay, that felt a little naughty.

“You look deep in thought,” Adam observed, as he nodded towards the barman.



“Just thinking how different things are.”

“Two single people unexpectedly bumping into each other after a long time?” Adam gave her a look that she wasn’t sure she could interpret. It was

something between curious, and, was that a hint of interest that sparked in his

eyes when he emphasized ‘single’? The look that passed between them made

her heart race then he was turning away and placing their order.

Before they went in search for a table, Diana asked the barman if she could leave her bags but instead he took her name and room number and said he’d

send them up with the bellboy.

“You don’t use Lake anymore?” Adam observed.

“I’m not a Lake anymore,” Diana replied, feeling like an echo. “I reverted to my name.”

“Well, here’s to new lives.” Adam slid into the banquette next to Diana and chinked his glass against hers, their thighs bumping briefly, sending Diana’s stomach fluttering. It was ridiculous really the way she was reacting to him. In-

stead of being his straitlaced daughter-in-law, she was acting like...they were on

a date. Would he even date someone like her? A woman so much younger? She

wondered if he dated lots of different women now, just to try someone different. She knew she had tried dating lots of different men once her papers

were finalized, just to see if a different flavor appealed.

“You look beautiful today, Diana. I’ve always liked that shade of blue on you.”

“Thank you. You’re looking pretty good yourself.”

“Trying to stay attractive to the opposite sex,” Adam joked.

“It’s working.”

“Is it?” Adam’s eyes bored into hers and for a moment she returned the look; lust sparkled in his eyes and she was sure it probably reflected in her own. It took all her willpower to break their connection. It just wasn’t right. She

should probably go. End this before she did something stupid.

“Well, uh, you turned a few heads in the lobby,” she spluttered, suddenly nervous.

“Probably wondering how I have such a beautiful young woman on my arm.”

Diana laughed. “I doubt it somehow.”

“You have a very pretty laugh. It’s good to hear it again.”

Diana twirled her glass, watching the ice cubes and mint leaves swirl together in a liquid dance. She looked out the long windows, at the people hur-

rying past on their way home or to go to a bar after work, and tried to remember-

ber the last time she’d felt this good with a man. After she went through her

post-divorce crazy dating period and got it out of her system, she dated on and

off, and there were occasional repeat dates – a couple that had run right through to morning – but no one who just got her like Adam did. She wondered what it would be like to lean over, close the small amount of space be-

tween them, and press her lips against his. She wondered what his kisses would be like, how it would feel to be in his arms. She was sure he'd be warm,

his arms strong, and his movements dominant and pleasing. A brief mental image of unbuttoning his shirt, pushing it back over his firm chest and running

her hands through the dusting of hair he sported, popped into her head. She had to stop thinking like this.

“What is it?” His voice brought her back to earth with a thud and Diana realized her heart was beating faster.

“Nothing,” she said. “I had a great time catching up with you but I should really go and pack. Early morning tomorrow.” She smiled apologetically as she

half-stood, realizing she was wedged in until Adam moved. Thankfully he saw

her predicament and slid out, allowing Diana to shuffle out in such an ungraceful way that she couldn't help but laugh.

“I wish you didn't have to go just yet.” Adam took her hand, playing with it, before looking down at her. Whatever she had felt, he felt too.

She waited as he lowered his head slowly, clearly gauging whether she would move or not. She didn't, she was rooted to the spot as Adam pressed forward until his lips level with hers. She held her breath as their lips met. His lips were soft, warm and full as they brushed against hers. As if on autopilot, arm."

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her lips parted slightly, his tongue sliding through to tangle with hers.

Diana stepped forwards, her body pressing into his as she returned his kiss with a passion she didn't realize she had.

Breaking off, suddenly aware of the other drinkers, she blushed deeply.

"I've wondered what it would be like to kiss you," Adam breathed, breaking the sudden silence

"I should go." She stepped back, reaching for her purse.

"Which floor are you on?"

“Seventh.”

“Me too. I may as well walk you.”

“Oh, no, you don’t have to. Stay and finish your drink.” Diana looked at the table. Oh, he’d already finished. Five minutes. Just five more. She would check

out early, she decided. They would never see each other again. She would for-

get the kiss.

Diana didn’t want to.

They were silent as they waited for the elevator. When the car arrived, and emptied, they were the only two to step inside. Diana pressed the button and

stared out at the lobby until the doors shut, anything to avoid looking Adam in

the eye.

“Diana...” Adam took her in his arms, backing her against the wall, moving his mouth to hers again, only this time he wasn’t so restrained. His kiss was deeper, more passionate as he pressed himself against her. Her arms wrapped

around his head, his back, pulling him tight to her body as she met his fervor

with her own. “That’s how I really want to kiss you,” he groaned, his voice muf-

fled against her mouth.

Breaking away, he looked at her, panting, before dipping his head to kiss

her neck, working his way to the vee of her blouse. She dropped her head back,

sighing as his warm lips traversed her uncovered skin while his hands moved

from her hips, up her sides, then brushed across the soft swell of her breasts.

She could feel the beginning of his erection pressing against her stomach and somewhere lower, in her own body, she felt a familiar stirring in her pussy,

a desire to have him inside her.

When the doors slid open she almost swore in frustration then Adam was releasing her. In the mirror she caught sight of her flushed cheeks, the hem of

her blouse about to slide from the waistband of her pants. She stepped out,

trying to straighten her clothes, trying not to look at the outline of Adam's penis straining against his suit pants.

After checking the gold plate with the room numbers and arrows, Diana pointed to the right. "I'm that way."

"Me too."

They reached her door first and she fumbled for her key card, missing the slot once, getting it in the second time, and then pushing the door open. Turn-

ing, she saw Adam hesitate in the doorway.

Diana knew the right thing to do would be to step backwards and let the

door slide shut. The right thing to do would be to go to bed, follow her plans

and go home, forgetting all about Adam, forgetting how he made her feel when

he kissed her, forgetting what she wanted to do with him.

Instead, she stepped forward, and pulled him down to her, kissing him

again, feeling the powerful push of his erection against her belly. She wanted

him badly.

And it wasn't wrong, not really. They weren't married. They weren't related.

They were just two people who once knew each other and had run into each

other...and that she'd once been married to his son – for a very short time,

Diana reminded herself, helpfully – was an unfortunate accident. The way

Adam made her feel, the way she wanted him to make her feel...well, that was

very tempting.

"If you don't invite me in, I'm probably going to end up fucking you in the hall," Adam groaned, resting his hand against the doorjamb, towering over her.

Diana turned, ready to drag him into her room, but the door had slammed shut. She tried jamming her key card into the narrow slot, failing miserably until Adam took it from her, opened the door and pushed her inside.

The door had barely closed before he was pressing her against the wall



again, tugging her blouse out of her waistband and working the buttons quick-

ly. They were a mess of hands as she helped him get it off her before turning

their attentions on removing his jacket and shirt.

Reaching down, Diana smoothed her hands over the outline of his cock. It wasn't his hardness that made her gasp; it was the thickness and length. Adam

Lake was a big man and from the feel of him nestled in her palm, he was a lot

bigger than his son.

"Take off your clothes," Adam instructed, stepping back. "I want to see you naked."

Kicking off her pumps, Diana unsnapped the buttons of her pants and slid them over her hips, letting them fall to the floor to reveal long, lean legs. She

was grateful she'd worn a thong and a sexy bra because she was rewarded with

the lust pooling in Adam's eyes.

"Everything," he whispered, his voice low. "Show me your body."

Reaching behind her, she undid the catch of her bra and slowly slid the straps down her arms before letting the cups drop, finally tossing it to the floor. "Do you like what you see, Adam?" she asked.

"Oh yes."

Hooking her thumbs into each side of her thong, she pulled it down with

one tug, the little scrap of material shooting to the floor. She barely had a mo-

ment to step out of it before Adam had her pressed against the wall again, his

mouth bruising hers as he sought her tongue with his. His hands cupped her

breasts and she heard him groan as he stooped to take one in his mouth, cir-

cling the pink nipple with his tongue before sucking it. Diana felt both her nip-

ples grow hard under his practiced touch and when he released her, settling on

her other breast, she moaned as he took the tight pebble into his mouth.

“I want to taste you.” Adam dropped to his knees in front of her, inserting his hands between her thighs to part them. The instant she realized his inten-

tions, she felt her pussy slick with anticipation. The first lick made her shud-

der; the second had her moaning out loud. While he worked his way through

her pussy lips with eager licks moving upwards to the knot of nerve endings

that had already started to tingle, she pushed her hands through his hair, hold-

ing him against her as he teased and flicked her clit with his tongue.

He lifted her leg, hooking it over his shoulder, widening her so he could

lave her in long strokes. Diana felt her legs weaken as tremors started to shoot

through her from her core to her extremities. When he parted her lips with deft

fingers, his tongue pushing its way up inside her slick channel, she dropped her head back, resting her back against the cold wall as she started to crest the

wave that was the beginning of her orgasm.

It was rare for a man to get her off so quickly but Adam concentrating so wholly, and enthusiastically, on her was doing it perfectly.

When he breached her entrance with two big fingers, curling them inside her to press down on the rough patch of her channel, her body began to shake.

She cried out his name as he pressed his mouth back to her pussy, licking and

sucking her juices as she climaxed around his fingers.

Diana could barely lift her own leg from where it curled around Adam's shoulder as he started to rise. He unhooked her leg, running his hands up her

thighs. Standing in front of her, his cock straining at his pants, eyes half-closed, he licked his lips. "You taste as good as you look."

"You're brought me to orgasm," Diana stuttered, not quite believing what had just happened. She loved a man between her legs, but she'd never come

so quickly before. Usually they got lockjaw before that happened.

"I love licking pussy. I don't get to do it nearly often enough." A small smile

of pride played on his lips as he looked down at her flushed cheeks.

“Adam, I want your cock.” Diana could hardly believe how forceful she sounded, but if she didn’t get him inside her right now, she thought she might explode.

Adam obliged, shucking his pants quickly, his tight jersey boxers following, allowing his dick to spring out, standing thick and firm and pointed directly at

her. Diana’s lips parted in surprise as she reached for it. Adam had to be the

biggest man she had seen. Thick enough that she would struggle to wrap her

hand around it, big enough that it would probably make her gag when she sucked on him and long enough that she knew she would struggle to take him

deep into her pussy. Sex with him was going to be an experience. He would probably ruin her for younger men.

She could hardly wait.

Diana dropped to her knees in reverence. Starting at his balls, she licked the length of his shaft, loving the feel of his silky skin covering the rock hard

dick that would fuck her soon. Opening her mouth, she wrapped her lips around him, taking him until she felt the head push against the back of her mouth, briefly making her gag. She sucked him softly all the way out again until only the tip of his penis rested on her lips. Licking the head, she looked

up to meet Adam's eyes as he watched her intently, his breathing shallow, his

hands flat against the wall behind her.

Wrapping one small hand almost around his cock, she worked her mouth in conjunction with her fist. Suck, lick, softly twist, suck his length, over and over until Adam was groaning and thrusting into her mouth, fucking her lips.

When he pulled out, dropping to his knees in front of her, she almost felt tears spring at the loss of him, then he was kissing her again, his warm tongue

tangling with hers.

"If you keep doing that, I'm going to explode in your mouth. I won't be able to stop myself. I need to be in you right now, I need to feel your pussy wrapped

around me." Adam's words were urgent with need. He pushed her back onto

the carpet, nudging her legs apart, the tip of his head rubbing between her lips.

Taking his cock in her hand, Diana guided him until she felt him poised at her entrance. Adam slowly began to push his way through, careful to go slow

and let her adjust to his girth. Beneath him, Diana arched her back and tipped

her hips upwards, encouraging him on.

All thoughts of this being wrong, forbidden, had fled her mind. Now all she wanted to feel was his body wrapped over her, his thick cock sliding inside,

stretching and filling her.

She wrapped her legs around his back, relishing the feel of him opening her pussy as he continued to ease his way in, sliding in and out, lengthening his thrusts each time until with one last hard push she felt his groin press against

hers, his cock sunk all the way inside her.

“You feel so good, Adam,” she sighed, kissing his neck, his jaw, finding her way to his lips by touch in the dark room.

“You haven’t felt anything yet.” He began to slide out, holding her gaze, before thrusting again, gathering her torso in his arms so he could rock into her, finding his rhythm.

Diana could feel the soft carpet brushing against her back and in the back of her mind knew she would probably take home a carpet burn as a souvenir of

the night, but she hardly cared. All that mattered now was the feel of Adam be-

tween her legs, powering into her with solid thrusts. She held onto him, digging her heels into the small of his back, feeling him react to the pressure with

a hard plunge that made her scream with the pleasure of him filling her. He withdrew almost to the point of leaving before shoving his full length in again,

causing another cry of ecstasy to escape her throat.

“You like it hard?” he grunted against her neck.

“Yes, oh yes!” Oh, gosh, yes, she did.

Adam increased his pace, pounding her hard until she felt her white hot climax spreading through her body. She bucked against him as her soaking wet

pussy met his rhythm and curled her legs tighter around his back. She knew

she wasn’t giving him much room to move as his dick barely left her body, but

she wanted him to fuck her as hard as he could until she screamed and begged

for mercy.

“Fuck, your pussy is so tight.” Adam pressed her into the carpet, his body fully covering hers, the feel of his skin hot against her own.

Diana’s pussy was clenching him unbidden, each flutter and pulse bringing her one step closer until... “Oh, Adam! Adam!” she screamed, climaxing hard

as his cock jerked, spraying her inner walls with his seed. He collapsed on top

of her, breathing hard.

Her ankles loosened, her legs sliding until her feet hit the carpet with a thump. They lay there; Adam sprawled in the vee of her legs, her head thrown

back, his chest crushing her firm breasts between them.

She’d never had sex like this with Adam’s son. He’d been a quick wham, bam, didn’t even bother to say thank you ma’am. Matt wouldn’t have licked her

to orgasm, hardly did it at all, preferring to be on the receiving end at all times.

Even during sex, he made sure he got what she wanted, leaving her always wanting and feeling inadequate. But his dad... Wow. She would love sex like this on a regular basis. He'd fucked her until she saw stars.

Hell, she'd married the wrong Lake man.

"Why don't you stay over?" she suggested, a note of caution in her voice.

Diana secretly hoped for a repeat performance, if not tonight, at least in the

morning. There was no turning back from what they'd done. Once more couldn't hurt.

Adam lifted himself onto his elbows, gazing down at her. His hair was mussed slightly from where she'd ran her hands through it, and if she wasn't

mistaken there were some marks on his shoulders that matched her nails.

Oops.

"Can I fuck you in the morning?" Adam asked without any embarrassment.

"Oh, yes," Diana replied, the little voice of hesitation gone.

Adam rocked back onto his knees then got to his feet, standing in front of her without any apparent regret about his naked body or what they had just

done. Her eyes drifted to his half-erect cock. Yeah, she wanted that again; she

wanted the whole package.

She'd never slept with a man so much older than her before, and now she



wondered if this is what she had been missing the whole time.

Adam stooped to pull Diana up, swinging her into her arms so he could take the few paces to deposit her on the big bed, falling beside her and curving

her smaller body into his.

“Adam, are you really staying at this hotel?” She’d wondered if it was a ruse to spend extra time with her.

“Of course I am.”

“This floor?”

He grinned bashfully, caught. “Ah, that would be no.”

~

When Diana awoke the room was dark, just a sliver of early morning light sliding through the drapes where they hadn’t quite met in the middle. For a

moment Diana wondered where she was and whose was that warm body pressed into her back?

Stifling a yawn, it all came flooding back. The coffee, drinks, the kiss in the hallway, Adam laying her on the carpet and fucking her until she came hard.

She smiled, feeling her pussy slicken in tandem with her thoughts. This was one weekend she was not going to forget in a hurry. In fact, she would prob-

ably replay the scene with her vibrator when she got home, imagining the feel-

ing of the older man inside her. If only she had something that could lick her

to orgasm like Adam had and she wouldn't regret that this was a one night show. Wouldn't she?

Adam moved away and she scowled. Then a hand slid down her back, cresting the curve of her bottom, and over her hip to rest on her stomach for

mere seconds before sliding down between her legs. A finger brushed the opening of her sex, stroking in tight circles until her clit was engorging in eager

response.

When a kiss landed, feather light, on the back of her neck, and the hard swell of Adam's cock pressed against the small of her back, she knew he was

thinking exactly the same thing that she was: take two.

He continued to kiss her neck, her shoulders, while his finger abandoned her clit to push between her lips, sliding through her juices, rubbing in long strokes as she started to push against him. When his hand disappeared, she

wavered for a moment, relaxing when his hand stroked her butt before pushing

through her thighs from the back, one finger deftly sinking into her wet and

waiting sheath.

She moaned into the pillow as he finger fucked her, adding another to twist and push inside her. If older men all knew what they were doing as well as

Adam did, she vowed she would never fuck another twenty-something stud

again.

“Get on your hands and knees,” Adam instructed her, helping her with one hand to assume the position while the other continued to cup her sex as his

fingers probed and his thumb pressed against her clit.

She moaned as he withdrew. “More, Adam.”

“Easy,” he whispered, pushing between her shoulders so that they rested on the mattress, her butt high in the air. Pushing her legs apart, he positioned

his cock just at her entrance, pushing slightly to part her ready lips. With one

smooth stroke, he was inside, his balls slapping her ass as he stretched and filled her. “Hold on,” he instructed, as he leaned forward to slide his hands over hers, sliding them up over the pristine sheets so she could curl her fingers around the edge of the mattress.

His thrusts were powerful as he drove into her again and again, seeming to know exactly what she wanted, how hard he should fuck, and when to draw

back leaving her whimpering for more. She could feel her whole body tingle

with the pure pleasure of a man who knew what he was doing.

“Fuck me harder,” she demanded, her words barely audible against the pillow.

Adam gripped her hips, roughly pushing her flat so he was lying over her, still sunk deep. Hammering into her, the sounds of their flesh slapping together echoed between them.

Diana could hear Adam's groans becoming harsher, more drawn out, knew he was going to come soon, but she could barely focus on him as she began

to shake, her own breathing ragged. Finally he slammed against her, his fingers

squeezing her hips as he spurted.

Diana's whole body felt unsteady as Adam shuddered inside her. Pushing one hand under her body, he sought her clit, rolling it between thumb and forefinger, pressing it until she burst in a glory of tingles under him.

For a long moment they just lay there, Adam's body covering hers then he slipped off to lie on his back, at her side. "Have I mentioned you're fantastic?"

"I think you just did."

"After years of wanting to fuck you, you've made my dream come true."

Diana laughed. "I aim to please."

"If that's so, it's not far for me to drive to your place, or you to come to mine?"

"You're asking to see me again?" Diana felt her resolve to have this thing with Adam just be a dirty one-night fling, dissipate. Her vibrator paled into in-

significance at the prospect of the real thing on a regular basis.

“Hell, yes. Lots of times, Diana.”

Diana had no idea what her ex-husband would say about her screwing his father, and found she didn’t care. Her mind was made up. Adam Lake was ex-

actly what she had been lacking in her life: tall, handsome, intelligent, and sex

that set her world on fire. So what if was a lot older than her? That all added to

his charm. She could imagine all the fun things they could get up too now that

she’d had a taste of the forbidden.

Is he was prepared to see where this could go, so was she.

She smiled. “Okay, Adam.”